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THE
MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

WHEN FATHER HORN makes "the Cross and the Crib" the weapons of missionaries, he is ready to support his thesis with facts: He quotes from the missionaries themselves! Father Horn lives in Fremont, Ohio, and his hobby is collecting Christmas Cribs.

LIFE-SAVING SURGERY is thrilling to think of, but it is not the only kind. Dr. Wijnen, speaking from her experience at Philadelphia General Hospital, and collaborating with some of our sisters who have been in India, evaluates the skill which can correct that which is deformed.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER has a Feast Day on the third of this month—and Sister Francis Patrick gives you a thumb-nail biography.

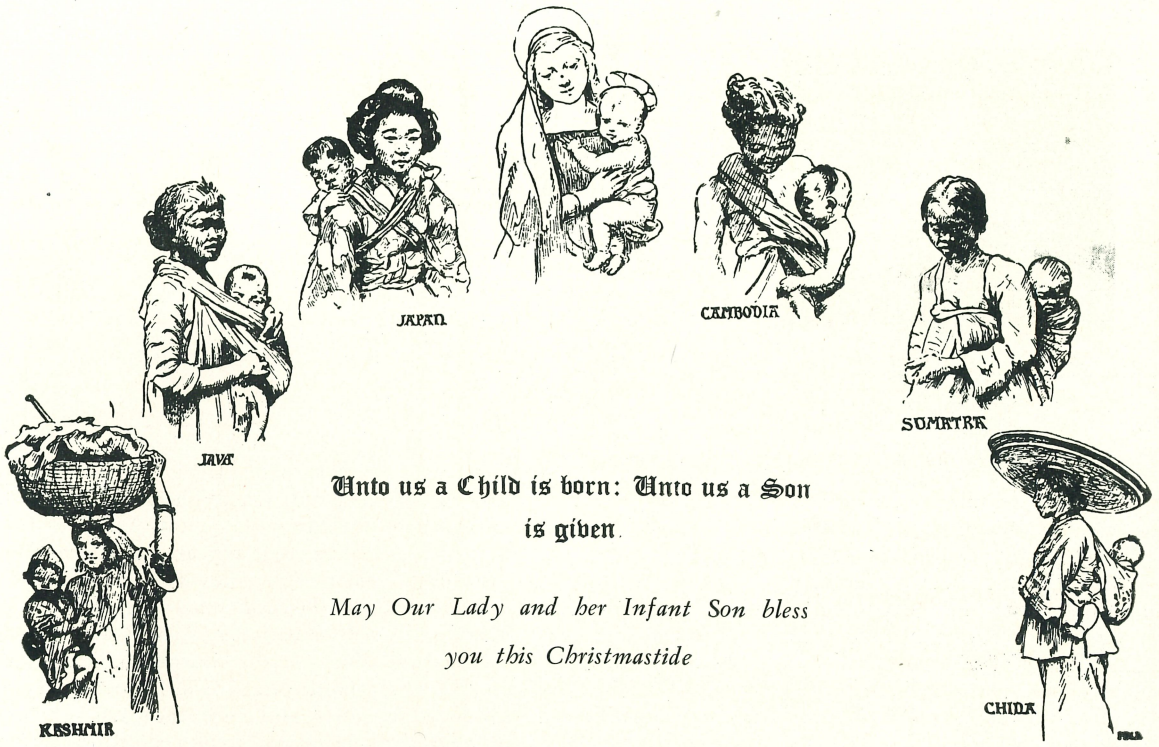
AND ON DECEMBER 27 we celebrate the Feast of the Holy Innocents. "Of Such—" comes from the pen of Eleanore Livingston, Trinity '38. You will like the "cherub with the pale blue wings"!

"THE SUFFERING MULTITUDES in Patna Mission—and in all India—are a challenge to the charity of the Catholic Church"—and especially to her "marksmen and troubadors," the missionaries. Father Morrison is one of the Jesuits of Patna mission.

WHEN WE WERE VERY SMALL, we tried, during Advent, to make a bed for the Christ-Child: Each good deed or little act of self-denial would entitle us to drop one straw in the small box that formed our manger. And now that we are grown—there are still "straws" to be gathered for the "missionary's manger. . . ."

"A BABUCHI IS a cook—" —simple enough. But *what the cook is* takes much more than one sentence to tell. And Sister Helen speaks from ten years of experience in India!

YOU MAY NOT WANT TO TRY "pair ka dawa" the next time you have a pain—but you will enjoy learning just what is in this remedy which Sister Stephanie discovered during her rounds of Center work in Rawalpindi.



Unto us a Child is born: Unto us a Son is given.

May Our Lady and her Infant Son bless you this Christmastide

The Discipline of Faith—and Christmas

It is a pity that only big shocks will shake us mortals out of the snugness and smugness of self-sufficiency. A recent *Universe* editorial puts it tersely when it says that the great advances in modern science and industry have created an illusion of material progress which resulted in the worship of false gods and the denial of Christian faith and morals; that at the stage when material progress and civilized government seemed most secure and most capable of producing a world in which man could serenely rely upon his own intelligence and resources, the illusion has been shattered with frightful suddenness.

Nobody now can deny the shattering. Not all, however, can see that writer's prescription for a remedy: The sole hope of salvation, even in a material sense, he says, lies in the winning back of the world to the faith and discipline of Christian teaching.

While more than half of the world may be non-plussed and running aimlessly hither and thither for a solution of the dilemma, we Catholics, at least, have a guiding star which inevitably leads to that combination of good things sought by the human heart, and summed up in the word, *peace.*

The Star points to the Son of God, come into the world as a helpless Infant, lying in straw in a cave on an Oriental hillside. The Child is lovingly surrounded by a Virgin Mother, a toil-worn foster father, poor shepherds, and Wise Men from the East. The scene is one of earthly poverty—and heavenly splendor; of earthly lowliness—and divine grandeur; of earthly suffering —*and heavenly peace!*

The star lights up the scene, letting us see dimly, at least, how the redeeming of a fallen race is undertaken by its Savior from the first moment of His appearance on earth by tests of faith and lessons of discipline: Christ could have demanded a better dwelling—even ousted the Bethlehemites or performed a miracle; He could have had all the comforts of home; He could have saved all trouble for those chosen to take part in His divine plan. He could have avoided the humble state of infancy. But He did none of these.

What he did and said became the foundation of faith and discipline of Christian teaching, and it is in these that there lies, temporally as well as eternally, mankind's hope of salvation.

—Anna Dengel.

The Crib In Mission Lands*

By

THE REV. ALOYSIUS HORN

We all are familiar with the picture of the Missionary, a Crucifix held high above his head, preaching Christ and Him crucified. The Crucifix is the constant companion of the Missionary Priest; and from the neck of every Missionary Sister, like a sweet yoke, hangs a Crucifix. To Catholics two things are holier and dearer than all other things; these are the two most precious symbols of our Redemption, the Cross and the Crib. But we are not quite so familiar with the part that the Crib plays and has played in the life of the Missionary. For those who are already Christians, at home or in the foreign Missions, the Christmas Crib is primarily an aid to meditating upon the Mystery of the Birth of Christ; but for those who have not as yet received the gift of Faith the Crib is like a long yet silent sermon, explaining the meaning of the First Christmas much more eloquently than many instructions in a language that all too often is unfamiliar to the Missionary.

In the words of Thomas of Celano in his account of the Christmas at Greccio in 1223: "The Child Jesus had been forgotten in many hearts," we find perhaps the principal reason why St. Francis of Assisi tried to reconstruct as far as he possibly could a reproduction of the Cave at Bethlehem. The efforts of St. Francis were rewarded; for Thomas of Celano adds: "The gifts of Almighty God were multiplied there" and the grace of the Child Jesus "acting through His servant Francis, brought life back into those souls."

It is not known with any degree of certainty just when the custom of erecting Christmas Cribs as we now know them, that is the cave or stable with a background and numerous figures, was introduced in Europe; but we do know that the Franciscans and especially the Jesuits made use of the Crib in their Mission fields in North and South America, Japan, and India, at the end of the sixteenth century and all during the seventeenth. Of course these Cribs were not the more elaborate representations we now have; in fact many times they were of the simplest design with the only figure being that of the Infant. But since there was hardly a Mission that did not have a statue of the Blessed Mother, that figure was usually incorporated into the scene even if the figures were of different proportions.

The Jesuits in Japan had a Crib at least as early as 1595. It seems that the figure of the Infant was the only one. There is a record of a Crib in the Jesuit church at Goa, India, a few years later. In many places the crowds which came to see the Crib were so great that the Missionaries had to stand at the doors of the church and allow only the baptized and catechumens to go in and view the Crib. In some places the Jesuits would not allow the catechumens to view the Crib until they had memorized their Catechism answers. Memories improved during the Christmas season.

The saintly Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, made her First Holy Communion in the Jesuit Mission chapel of St. Francis Xavier at Laprairie, across the St. Lawrence from Montreal, on Christmas Day, 1677. It is not surprising that we find her making her thanksgiving before an improvised Christmas Crib. In 1678 the Jesuit Missionary, Father Enjelran, had a Crib of simple design at his Mission in the Huron and Algonquin country on the shores of Lake Michigan more than 700 miles west of Quebec.

* The illustrations accompanying this article are reproduced from silhouette photographs of the figures of the Medical Mission House Crib, consisting of more than seventy figures, all hand-carved in the Tyrol.

This Crib is the first one of which there is any record in territory now part of the United States. Of that Christmas of 1678 we read in the "Jesuit Relations": "All of our Indians, but especially the Hurons, show a very special devotion for the lovely Mystery of the Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Long before the Feast of Christmas they themselves would urge the Priest to arrange everything for as solemn a celebration of the Feast as possible. They sent their children after all that might be needed to build a grotto where a representation of the Mystery could be shown, and I was delighted to hear a little girl, who had with great care brought a beautiful clump of sod (a mass of long grass), say that she had procured it with the thought and hope that the little Child Jesus would be placed on this grass for His bed . . . The grotto which was very devotional was visited without any interruption and it would take a long time, but would be moving if I could express as they themselves do, the sentiments they use in speaking to the Divine Child."

St. Francis Solano who died in Peru in 1610 was educated by the

Jesuits but later entered the Franciscan Order. In the year 1589 he sailed for South America to preach the Gospel to the Indians of Peru. This saint had a special devotion to the Infant Jesus in the Crib. In Peru he not only stood at the side of the Crib and explained its meaning in detail to each and every Indian who visited it, but standing before the Crib he sang one Christmas hymn after another to the accompaniment of his guitar, sometimes for hours. The Indians sang with him as well as they could.

So much for the use of the Crib by Missionaries in years gone by. It is touching to read what many Missionaries write concerning the enthusiasm, esteem and reverence

with which the Crib is accepted in the Mission lands today. Times do not change. The letters tell how the faithful crowd around the Crib on Christmas Day and all during the Christmas holidays; how they look on with wonder and how it seems they cannot see enough of it. Even the Moslems and the heathens cannot escape the spell of the Christmas Crib so they secretly steal into the church when they think it is empty in order to look curiously at the Crib.

Since the Crib is such an apt means of visibly presenting the story of the Infancy of Christ to both old and young it is easily understood why every Missionary longs to possess one. Some few years ago Father Moskopp, S.J., wrote from the Zambesia Mission: "It is a pity that I have no Christmas Crib so that I could impress upon the minds of the Negroes the event of the Birth of Christ much better than I can in words. In the Portuguese Zambesia Mission there was introduced from Portugal the practice of presenting the Christ Child at the Communion railing to be kissed. But the Negroes haven't the least idea what a kiss means; so that most of them simply blow on the Infant, and many of them think that they are supposed to bite it. But a Christmas Crib set would be very profitable here; of course I do not mean an up-to-date, costly carved work of art, but just an old-fashioned one, a scene of rivulets and many sheep pasted to a cardboard background and many figures." In 1932 a Sister of the Precious Blood wrote from Africa: "Our children love Christmas, and did not weary all day long paying visits to the Crib."

A Benedictine Missionary, Father Amandus, wrote from his Mission in Uganda (Africa) a few years ago: "All these figures (in the Crib) make a deep impression in the hearts of the natives, especially on the children." Too often the Missions must be satisfied with only a figure of the Infant Jesus. Such was the case at the Maryknoll Mission in Korea in 1924. Branches of native pine were arranged about the tiny figure of the Baby Jesus in His basket-like Crib. In 1931 Father John Kilian, S.J., did not have much more to work with at his Mission at Champanagar, India. But the chapel with its thatched roof was as poor as the cave of Bethlehem itself. To bring the natives closer to the actual conditions of the First Christmas, Father Kilian tied a few live sheep close to the little Crib he had built.

When the Feast of Epiphany arrives, the more complete Crib presents a picture that is most appro-

priate for Mission lands, for then we see a picture of the conversion of the first pagans. This picture has in it a lesson for all true Christians, a lesson that is brought out by the gifts that these three converts, the Three Kings, offered to their Infant Lord. There was the gold that Caspar offered which reminds us of the offerings of financial support that we owe to the Infant Jesus so that He might be better known in Pagan Lands. There was the offering of incense made by Melchior which reminds us that we should offer up our prayers every day for the conversion of the unbelievers. The third offering, that of Balthasar was bitter myrrh. This has a special meaning for the Missionary. It represents his sacrifices and sufferings for the love of the Infant Saviour. The Epiphany scene is especially appealing to Pagans for it spells their welcome to the Founder of Christianity. The Negro finds his special appeal in the representation of St. Balthasar as one of his race.

Not only does the Christmas Crib contribute to the education and edification of the native but it is also a great personal boon to every Missionary. It gives the Priest or Sister one of the few links he or she has with home. Of all the days of the year, Christmas in particular is the one when the person who is far away thinks of home. Many a tear has been shed before the Crib in the distant Mission lands on Christmas Day, but in the very contemplation of the Infant in the Crib new joys and new blessings have come from His little Hand.

We may apply the words of Father Daniel Gruber, O.F.M., in his delightful little book, "The Crib and Happiness" to our own land. He writes: "If our Friends of the Crib in Europe knew what happiness even an old and outmoded Crib gives to the good Christian in Pagan lands and what a service it performs for the Missionary, they would gladly send one down to Africa or over to China and Japan or to some other Mission country through some Mission Society . . . . Just as the joyous message of Salvation and the Mission message went forth from the Crib of Bethlehem, so should our Christmas Crib help to spread the selfsame message."

Delayed Departure!

October has come and gone, and so has November, and our three "departing missionaries" are still waiting!

The first boat on which they were booked to sail was lost; the second one they had to miss on account of new British *visa* regulations, and the sailing of the third has been postponed from December 3rd to December 19th.

In the meantime, they can practice the missionary virtue *par excellence:* Patience! Although we would prefer the departure to be soon after rather than soon before Christmas, yet under the circumstances, we know they will be glad to sail out of the Golden Gate without further delays!

Note from England

I hope you are not too anxious about your "Osterley children" as I fear the details of the air raids in the papers are probably startling. The raids are bad enough but we are all right and although bombs have been dropped in the vicinity and the anti-aircraft guns keep on thundering, Osterley is one of the safest places surrounding London, especially during the day, as it has few large buildings near. And I am sure Our Dear Lord will take care of us at night. Also, Campion House is a great comfort. The boys take turns watching during the night and would come to our rescue at once.

Yesterday, the warning was given six times, the raids lasting varying lengths—usually about an hour. We only heard a few guns. The raids fitted in nicely with our meals, recreation, etc.—they all are basement functions these days, anyway, and we were able to say our prayers in the chapel as usual.

Recently the raids have lasted all night (God help the poor people in outside shelters). Last night there were two intervals free: 10-11:40 p. m., and then the "all

(*Continued on page* 194)

atchwork is Surgery, Too!

By
ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

"It is true, this is not life-saving surgery, but its good results must not be underestimated. To give a baby a chance (by correcting deformities) to grow up a happy child and a useful adult is to fulfill the highest ideals of medicine and Christian charity."

Bobby M. was his mother's first baby. He had been awaited eagerly and no child could have been more sure of a joyous welcome. The young mother's first thought, when she awoke from the ether, was for her baby, and her eyes sparkled with excitement and happiness when she was told it was a healthy little boy. She could not understand why she was refused an immediate first glimpse, but at the nurse's orders she obediently went to sleep again. . . .

Meanwhile the doctor and nurses were faced with the hardest task of their profession: that of telling the family that the little newcomer was deformed. For Bobby, though otherwise healthy, had a harelip, and what should have been the happiest of happy moments turned into a tragedy that wrung many hearts. The young mother cried for hours, as much from weakness as from sorrow, and the father chewed his lip and paced the floor, unable to comprehend why such a misfortune should befall them.

The poor little baby's face was indeed a sorry sight. His upper lip was cut in two, all the way up to the nostril, and he was unable to suck or nurse. His little button nose as flattened out on one side and there was a great gap in his palate. He required skilled attention at nursing time, for he had to be fed with a medicine dropper. Yet in many other respects he was fortunate. For Bobby was born in a large city, a center of medical skill and interest, in a well equipped hospital and of sensible parents. He was barely two days old when a surgical specialist came to see him, outlined his care and scheduled his first operation on the day when he would be two weeks old. The best time for this procedure is as soon as the baby can stand it and the less delay the better for the general health and nutrition of the infant.

At the first operation the harelip only was repaired, the cleft palate being left for a later date. The two edges of the gap were denuded and then sutured together. This sounds and is simple enough but it takes skill and experience to gauge the exact extent of the required denudation and to approximate the raw surfaces with precision. In good hands the results are almost uniformly excellent, especially if the operation is performed on young and healthy babies.

Our Lord came to restore men to their lost inheritance. He is the life-bringer, the light-bringer, the joy-bringer. May His love grow from heart to heart until it reaches all those who suffer affliction and poverty, all those who are under strong temptation, all lonely souls scattered up and down through cities and plains, all men who have no homes nor friends, so that they, too, may find His consolations. Pray that the gentle, courteous Christ may visit each lonely soul, may reveal Himself to men in our days as He did when He trod the earth, that His pity may search out the depths of the sinner's heart and that all men may know the sweetness of His love.—*Rev. John Heneghan, from "The Far East."*

In a few months little Bobby's lip was almost as good as new. The hairline scar and slight pucker seemed but adjuncts to his charm in the eyes of his delighted parents. When he was a year old his palate was repaired, and when he began to talk his voice was as clear as that of any child. So what had seemed to be a major tragedy was corrected by surgical skill and expert nursing care.

Unfortunately, not all cases are as satisfactory as this one. Jimmy B. came to the hospital when he was sixteen. He had been born with a double, although incomplete, harelip, and his mother, out of mistaken love for her baby, refused to have him operated on at an early date. His family lived in the country, so an operation would have meant a fairly long separation. This and the thought of the pain and discomfort was too much for his mother's unreasoning tenderness. Jimmy grew up, a pariah among his companions, a source of constant anxiety to his parents and finally a burden to himself. At this point the united efforts of the family and the boy's own growing discontent succeeded in overcoming the mother's objections and he was sent to the hospital.

There essentially the same procedures were carried out, the lip being repaired first and the palate a few months later. His appearance became greatly improved and this so encouraged the boy that he worked with a will at his corrective exercises, and by dint of long continued lessons acquired a fairly good speaking voice. He has been saved from the fate of an outcast but at the cost of much unnecessary suffering.

There was no excuse for Jimmy's mother. She had all the needed facilities close at hand. But what about deformed babies in India, where hospitals are still so scarce? Congenital defects are unusually common in many parts of India.

Several factors contribute to this high incidence. Inbreeding, due to frequent intermarriage, always tends to bring out hereditary characteristics and harelip quite definitely runs in families. Dr. Warren B. Davis of Philadelphia in his series of more than a thousand cases found a positive family history in 57 percent and this figure would undoubtedly have been higher had more extensive information about previous generations been available.

Harelip and cleft palate are by no means the only congenital deformities that occur fairly frequently. Club foot, webbed hands, missing or supernumerary fingers, "split spine" and many others occur with more or less pronounced regularity in all communities. Every one of these deformities creates an extremely difficult problem in India.

When Shanti Lota had her third baby, the little girl was found to have a harelip. Despite the encouragement from the sister who took care of her, the poor mother was desolate and nearly insane with worry. "How are we going to be able to marry her off" was her constant lament—a cry easily understood in a country where the marriage of girls entails tremendous expense and often great difficulties on the part of the parents.

The mother was told repeatedly that the baby's lip could be fixed as soon as she was a few weeks old but this seemed to make no impression on her. She was taught to feed the child from a teaspoon and for a few days the infant seemed to thrive. But on her subsequent visit, sister learned with a shock of surprise that the baby was dead. The mother in her hopeless grief had been unable or unwilling to feed it properly and the little mite had soon succumbed to starvation and dehydration.

It is hard to change ideas instilled into people for generations and centuries. Deformed children have always been a source of horror and despair to people unable to correct these defects. Yet constant encouragement and repeated instructions will change even age-old traditions. The joy over a reclaimed young life is the same in India as it is in this country. It is true, this is not life-saving surgery, but its good results must not be underestimated. To give a baby a chance to grow up a happy child and a useful adult is to fulfill the highest ideals of medicine and Christian charity.

St. Francis Xavier—Pray for Us

The commemoration this year of the four hundredth anniversary of the Papal approval of the Society of Jesus reminds us that it is nearly four hundred years ago that the Jesuits sent out their first foreign missionaries, for it was in April of 1541 that Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, set sail from Lisbon in Portugal for Goa to "carry the light of Faith to them who sit in darkness."

Born in Pamplona of noble parents, Xavier as a young man, was enrolled at the University of Paris, to prepare himself, so he thought, for a very brilliant career in the world. But God had other plans! Ignatius Loyola, an ex-soldier, was his roommate at the University, and constantly he turned to Xavier with: "Francis, what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own immortal soul?" The persistence of Loyola soon broke down the worldly barriers of Xavier, and in 1534 when Ignatius and the first members of what was to become the powerful Society of Jesus dedicated themselves to God at Montmartre, Xavier was among them. Ignatius Loyola was privileged to perform many miracles, but the conversion of Xavier has been termed his greatest!

Having turned to God, Francis Xavier did it with the thoroughness that characterized him in everything. Henceforth he had but one will—God's. His holiness of life fitted him to be an apostle of the first rank and when, at the request of the King of Portugal, the first Jesuit missionaries set out for India, Xavier was one of them, holding the office of Apostolic nuncio.

Thousands of infidels received the Sacrament of Baptism at his hands, and his many miracles gave undoubted proof that he was sent by God to bring souls to Christ. He carried the Faith to India and to Japan, and when other young Jesuits came out to help, he left them in the already established missions, while he, with his all-consuming zeal for souls, pushed on to new fields where the Cross of Christ was unknown.

Finally his eyes turned toward China, and from the depths of his apostolic heart he longed to bring to her, too, the Light of Faith. But when he was within sight of this cherished mission field, he became seriously ill. Alone, deserted by the crew of the ship that had brought him thus far, he tossed feverishly in a lonely hut on the Isle of Sancian, and it was there, on December 2, 1553, with "nonconfundar in aeternum" on his lips, that this favored apostle, the glory of the Society of Jesus, breathed his holy soul into the hands of God.

Our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, the "Pope of the Missions," proclaimed St. Francis patron of Catholic missionaries, and so it is today, especially, when the very existence of the missions that he so loved are threatened by the world catastrophe, that missionaries everywhere, with a strong confidence in his intercession with the Divine Missionary, turn to him with a sincere: "Saint Francis Xavier, Patron of Missionaries, pray for us and for the propagation of the Faith for which you so joyously spent yourself!"—*Sister M. Francis Patrick, S.C.M.M.*

"of Such --" *

By

ELEANORE LIVINGSTON

The cherub with the pale blue wings swung down a star-beam and laughed joyously. "We're almost there," he cried. "Soon it will be time to start singing." Then he saw his small companions far ahead, and flew off. "Wait for me—oh, wait——"

The tall angel with the dark eyes wore a worried smile as he turned to his companion. "I'm not sure I should have let them come," he said. "I don't think they realize . . But they begged so hard! And that one little fellow was so appealing. I think he has some plan——"

Far in advance, the cherub with the pale blue wings looked back at the strangely distant stars. He'd never been so far from home before; it felt queer. For a sickening moment he wanted to creep shivering under the wing of one of the older angels and stay there till the journey was over. But then he remembered his plan, and flew bravely on. The crowd of cherubs followed, a bit breathless, looking from a distance like a golden comet, with their shining curls, pastel wings, and bright little halos.

Earth swung into view, dimly. The tall angel called for silence. "There are some shepherds sleeping over there. Let us wake them first." He fixed a stern eye on the cherub-band: "Are you sure you know the words?"

As they nodded vigorously he said: "Well, we shall go through it now for the last time. . . . 'Peace on earth'. . . ."

* * *

The Incarnation is the central truth in our lives, the starting place of Hope. — *Rev. John Heneghan, from "The Far East."*

Their mission was done. Under the pale sky, the tall angel surveyed his weary company. "We'll go back now," he said, in that voice of his which was like the falling snow. "Come——"

"Oh, no—" it was the cherub with the pale blue wings—"oh, please, not yet—there is something —I have friends I must visit——"

His vehemence died before the tall angel's cool stare, but he would not give up. Struggling with tears, he pleaded: "Just one song for them? So they'll know it by and by——"

The tall angel was conquered by the cherub's tears. "Very well," he agreed, "but it mustn't take long. Soon it will be dawn, when Earth awakes. Before then we must be home."

In wonderment the older angels followed as the cherubs went from window to window, singing softly. At each window they would pause, and then quietly go on. Curious, the tall angel drew near to observe.

He saw the little cherub steal into a darkened room and wake a tiny infant. Baby eyes lit with wondering comprehension as the soft chorus was heard from without; baby lips wore an understanding smile as the cherub held up a pair of fluffy white wings. Many times the little cherub flew in and out of shadowed windows.

At last the tall angel asked him: "But, little one, who are these friends of yours? They are mortal. What have you to do with them?"

The cherub's eyes were very soft. "Soon they are to die that He whom we visited tonight may live. He told me I might have them for my playmates——"

* Printed with permission of *The Record*, Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

—Courtesy *Jesuit Missions*

In the Santal hills

Marksmen and Troubadors

The work of the Jesuits in Patna Mission: A glance backward and forward

By

THE REV. JOHN MORRISON, S.J.

Bhagalpore is a solidly Indian town on the Ganges near the eastern boundary of Patna mission. It has a little Catholic church and a tiny handful of Catholics, practically all of European descent. Father James Creane, of Litchfield, Ill., was put in charge of this little parish, with instructions to scout around and explore the possibilities for conversion work in the nearby district. Beginnings were not too encouraging. A few starts were made that promised well, until the Hindus saw that Father Creane meant business. Then the powers of caste were swung into action, and the missionary "marked time." It seemed that he would spend his life in plowing the rocks of caste Hinduism, reaping a solitary conversion here and there. Then word came of a tribe of people living some distance to the south of Bhagalpore. Father Creane was quick to investigate. They were known as Santals.

Santals are neither Hindus nor Mohammedans, but aborigines. They were, perhaps, the first inhabitants of India, and bear much the same relationship to Hindus that our own American Indians bear to us. They are animists and worship the devils and spirits that live in streams and trees and caves. They are good, honest, simple and cheerful people. The hills and valleys of the Santal country are a kind of East Indian *Arcadia.*

Santals have no caste, and when Father Creane spoke to them of Christ and His Church, they actually talked of becoming Catholics —of "coming in," as they say! Father Creane began work among his new people at once—and earned the nickname, "Santal Jim!" His hopes began to be realized. Patna Mission's opening for conversion work had come!

Charity is not merely emotion. It is a form of understanding.—*Monsignor Kerby.*

At first the work of conversion was very difficult. Fathers John A. Kilian of Toledo, Ohio; Francis I. Stoy of Iowa; Aloysius S. Pettit of Milwaukee, Wis.; and Paul L. Frank of St. Louis—these were the pioneers. The first "hazard" on the course was the old problem of language. The Santals have their own distinct—and very difficult—tongue. This had to be learned.

The missionaries traveled about from village to village, with no home to call their own. Fortunately, the Santals are hospitable people—were it not for this, the work could not have gone forward at all. But Santal hospitality, though freely offered, is often no more than a bit of straw for a night's rest and a plate of rice and *dal* (lentils) to eat. It is all they have to give.

Mass was offered daily on portable Mass kits placed on rope beds and on *pindas,* little mud verandahs peculiar to Santal houses. Here and there mud chapels sprang up. Santal boys wanted to get an education in our Catholic schools. Santal men and women believed in Christ and came to Mass and the sacraments. The Faith had come to stay in the Santal country!

About eight thousand Santal conversions were made in approximately six years—but they were not made without sacrifice. Father Raymond Conway of Milwaukee, Wis., gave his life to the work, dying of fever after less than ten months spent among his new people. Others, too, suffered from the strain. But the work went on. . . .

When Christ went about preaching His Kingdom in Galilee, certain women followed Him. They had followed Him through the centuries. Some have gone with Him to the mountain at night to pray; some have followed Him, healing the sick. Others have taught His little ones. And women follow Him today in Patna Mission.

Due to the system of *purdah,* or seclusion, here in the East, it is practically impossible for our missionary priests to have any influence upon Hindu and Mohammedan women. We may not even see high caste Hindu and Moslem women, much less talk or deal with them.

There are far too few nuns in Patna Mission, but the ones we have are real helpers. Some of our

nuns work in the Santal district, where they share the hardships and privations of the missionaries and do excellent work in instructing and dealing with our Santal women and young girls. Some teach the young. A few are in hospitals, or do dispensary work.

There are one million lepers in India. One Indian in every three hundred and fifty is a leper. It is difficult to give figures for the lepers in Patna Mission, but there are certainly many thousands. You meet leper beggars on the streets and in the villages, and with few exceptions there is practically no attention given to them. They contract the disease, and are outcasted to die alone; or their family tries to hide them at home—and thus the contagion is spread.

Here and there the government has a few dispensaries for treatment of lepers as "out-patients," but otherwise there is very little. Our missionaries are far to few even to attempt the work.

Cholera and bubonic plague are all too frequent visitors in parts of Patna mission. The former comes to Patna Mission annually—sometimes even several times a year. Bubonic plague is fortunately less frequent. There are medicines that will stop cholera if they are given in time, and we are sometimes able to check its spreading, but it usually causes havoc. The villagers themselves seldom know how to combat it. Often it strikes in districts far from medical aid, and then a quarter or even a half of the people in a village may be wiped out in a few days.

There is no known remedy for bubonic plague. When men get this disease, they die. Panic sometimes seizes on a town when bubonic plague is spreading, and the people desert their homes and live in temporary shelters which they hastily erect out in the fields.

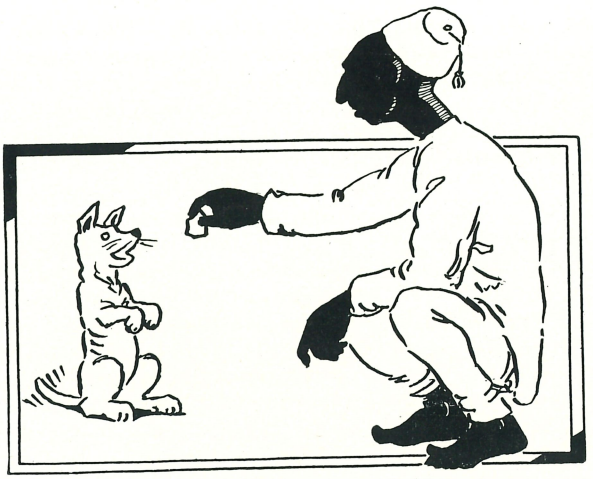
The suffering multitudes in Patna Mission—and in all India—are a challenge to the charity of the Catholic Church.

Straws for the Missionary's Manger

But to one who wishes to qualify himself for apostolic work, there is one thing he must acquire before everything else, as being of the highest importance, it is, as We have said, sanctity of life. For whoever preaches God must be a man of God; who preaches hatred of sin must himself hate sin. . . .

Let him therefore be an example of humility, obedience, chastity, chiefly of piety, prayer and constant union with God, before Whom he must fervently plead for souls. The better united he is with God, the greater will be his share in Divine grace and assistance. Let him heed the Apostle's counsel: "Put ye on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, the bowels of mercy, benignity, humility, modesty, patience." It is by these virtues that truth finds an easy and straight access to the souls, and that all obstacles are removed; there is no obstinacy of will that can resist them. Hence a missionary, who like Jesus Christ is burning with charity and who is ready to number among the sons of God the most backward Gentiles as the children of redemption by the Divine blood, is neither irritated by their roughness, nor is he roused by their moral perversity; he neither despises nor scorns them; he does not treat them harshly or bitterly, but he will strive to attract them by all the good offices of Christian charity, to draw them all into the embrace of Christ, the good Pastor. Holy Scripture gives on this subject food for meditation: "Oh how good and sweet is thy spirit, O Lord, in all things! And therefore thou chastisest them that err, by little and little: and admonishest them, and speakest to them concerning the things wherein they offend, that leaving their wickedness, they may believe in thee, O Lord. . . . But thou, being master of power, judgest with tranquillity." What difficulties, annoyances, and trials could make such an ambassador of Christ swerve from his resolve? None whatever; he will bravely face all hardships and difficulties, works, insults, poverty, hunger and even death however cruel, as long as he can snatch a soul from the mouth of hell.

Thus resolved and inspired, following in the footsteps of Christ the Lord and the Apostles, the missionary will confidently buckle to his task, placing however the full measure of his confidence in God. It is as We have said, a work altogether Divine to propagate Christian wisdom, for God alone can pierce through to the soul, to light up the mind with the glare of truth, warm the will in the flame of virtue and endow man with the strength to follow and obey what he knows to be the good and the true. That is why, unless God stands by His minister, his efforts are vain. Let him, nevertheless, strain every nerve to carry out his resolve, relying on the assistance of Divine grace, which never fails him who prays.—Pope Benedict XV, *Maximum Illud.*



. . . his assistant, Joseph, was left in charge of the cooking.

A "Babuchi" is a cook - - - -

By

SISTER M. HELEN, S.C.M.M., R.N.

In India, because of the heat, the kitchen is never in the main house, but in a separate building in the rear. Now, generally speaking, there are two types of housekeepers: those who frequent their kitchens, and those who do not. Sometimes the first type metamorphoses into the second—a housekeeper with maximum esthetic sensibilities and minimum spirit of accommodation, after a visit to the kitchen, may well decide to "choose the better part" by remaining as far away from it as possible. This, of course, delights the *babuchi,* who then reigns supreme in his culinary domain!

It happens that I belong to the class of housekeepers who frequent the kitchen, esthetic sense or no. And I have had ten years of experience. So perhaps I may be qualified—and even a little justified—in adding my quota to tales about cooks!

Before coming to Dacca, I was stationed in Rawalpindi for a short period. Our sisters there had a Goanese cook who was splendid. He had but one fault: He drank occasionally. And it seems that whenever he *did* drink, he made it worthwhile. He generally stayed away from work for a few weeks! I was there during one of these "lapses," and his assistant, Joseph, was left in charge of the cooking and of the washing up of the dishes.

There was at that time a scarcity of water in the city. It was turned off from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m., and between those hours there was not a drop to be had. We could manage only by filling every available bucket and tub with water before zero hour in the morning.

One day Joseph forgot to lay in a supply before 9 a. m. There he was, waterless, and confronted by our breakfast dishes, unwashed.

It was graduation day in the Indian schools. I happened to be out with one of my *dhais*, doing a bit of home visiting, when we met several boys coming home from school, one of them with a garland around his neck. I was curious as to the meaning of this decoration, and asked my companion. Perhaps he had gotten the highest grades in his class? But not a bit of it! The *dhai* explained that on graduation day every child brings a garland for the teacher as a sign of gratitude. But those who fail, hang the garland around their own necks. So there you are! The fellow had failed!—*Sister M. Stephanie, Rawalpindi.*

Joseph was afraid to report the matter to the sister in charge—he did not like being scolded for carelessness. However, something had to be done to the dishes before the next meal—and the next meal was long before 4 p. m.

A bright idea struck him. He marched over to one of the tubs—yes, there was about one teacupful of water left! *Taking the sheet from his bed,* he carefully moistened a corner of it in the precious water supply, and supplying in rubbing what he lacked in liquid, he proceeded to polish up the dishes. He was nearly finished when Sister walked in! Her amazement can be imagined, but she did manage to ask Joseph "what in the world he was doing with that sheet!"

"It is from my own bed," said the culprit, defending himself. Strangely enough, the Sister still showed disapproval so he went on: "What is wrong? The dishes are perfectly clean, aren't they?"

Joseph was given a lesson in dish washing!

He could also have used a few lessons in cooking! Many were the surprises we received at the dinner table. Mashed potatoes flavored with vanilla and sugar, lovely red jello for dessert with a layer of hard-boiled eggs at the bottom of the pudding dish—these were masterpieces of culinary art, compared with watery coffee, tough, unseasoned meat and half-cooked vegetables! That was my initiation in Indian cooking. But more was to come!

After arriving in Dacca, one of my tasks was to supervise the cook. Sister Laetitia and I were employed in Health Visiting; consequently, we were out most of the day and saw very little of our *babuchi.* Our food was well-prepared, the kitchen was kept clean, and everything seemed to be going well until I walked into the kitchen one morning. There was our cook, squatting down washing the dishes, and placing them all, silverware included, on the muddy kitchen floor to drain. I was horrified and went to ask for assistance in speaking to him, as I knew very little of Bengali at that time.

Sister came in, looked at him, smiled, and then said to me, "Sister, this is nothing to get excited about. You'll see worse things than this before you are here very long." When we sat down to our lunch that day, I could think of nothing but the millions of germs that were doubtless cavorting on our dishes and silverware, and deep in my heart I firmly resolved that if I did not accomplish another thing in Dacca, our cook would be taught to wash dishes on the table! But fate forestalled me.

. . . he was an old man . . .

We lived on the outskirts of the city and it was a considerable distance to the nearest bazaar. Our cook was an old man, and after a few months he decided he was unable to walk to the bazaar. One pay day, with his wages safe in his hand, he informed us that he was leaving. Thus we were without a cook!

Of course we had no gas or electricity—not even a kerosene stove, and I had visions of trying to light a coal fire in the home-made brick affair that we possessed. That is a task best left to the native. But Sister Laetitia said: "Don't worry, Sister. By tomorrow there will be half a dozen cooks around looking for a job."

I was skeptical, but that night when we returned from work, there were three applicants at the door. All produced their *chits* (letters of recommendation) and we decided on a young, energetic looking Mohammedan, Abdul by name, who had worked for a European family in the city. He was not quite satisfied with the salary we offered him, as he said Jones Sahib had paid him ten rupees more. We answered that his work here would be much lighter, and he finally decided to come. Thus began Chapter Two of the culinary drama.

Abdul could cook well enough, but he charged about three prices for everything he brought from the bazaar! When taking his bazaar accounts, Sister remonstrated repeatedly. She might as well have saved her energy. The climax came when we had a chicken dinner, and Abdul charged one rupee for the chicken. We *knew* the right price could not be more than six annas, so—Sister cut his bazaar account by ten annas.

Nothing injures the dignity of a cook more than having his bazaar account cut. Abdul flew into a rage, and so far forgot himself as to throw a frying pan at Sister. She calmly informed him that she was going to call the police—and Abdul, apparently realizing the gravity of the situation, and took to his heels and absconded!

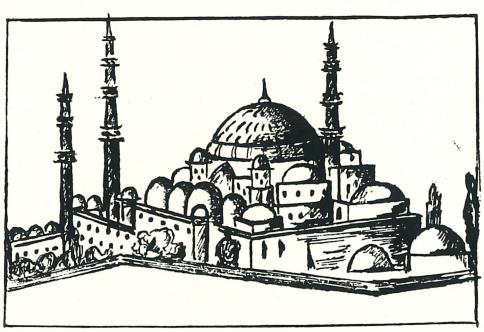
A short time later a basket of fruit came to our house while we were out, and a servant informed us that our former cook, Abdul, had sent it. This we surmised was a peace gesture on his part, as we were owing him about two weeks' salary. The next day he appeared in person, dropped on his knees before Sister in a profound *salaam*, and pulling his ears, called Allah to witness his great sorrow for his offenses. Sister Laetitia didn't seem much impressed, but gave him his salary, and he went away happy.

But in the meantime, we were "cookless." We decided a Christian cook might be more honest, and managed to get one through a missionary in a near-by village. He had previously been working in Calcutta, and found our home so quiet and lonely that after a few months he informed us that he was going back to the city.

We were getting tired of these frequent changes, and hoped we would get a suitable person who would stay. At last we succeeded in getting a Christian boy of about eighteen who had worked as a cook for one of the missionaries. A few years before he had been converted from Hinduism and given the name of Aloysius, but he probably found it difficult to pronounce as he went by his old name of "Binoy."

(To be continued)

A man called at the dispensary this afternoon and told me his wife had been given three medicines here this morning. One was pink with mud in the bottom; one was like water; and the third was greasy. How should she take them, and at what time?—*Sister M. Camillus, Pindi.*



Sister Stephanie on her rounds.

Rituals and Remedies

By

SISTER M. STEPHANIE, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Wherever there is sickness, there are bound to be remedies, helpful or harmful as the case may be. Sometimes people, in their stumbling search for a panacea for pain, have happened upon something that is truly efficacious; and sometimes the concoctions are pure quackery. A medicine which seems to be a favorite, but whose ingredients I only lately discovered, is *pair ka dawa.*

Many of the people among whom I work are not only superstitious—they are also suspicious. If I were to ask bolt outright: "What is *pair ka dawa?*" I probably would get no answer at all. The thing to do, then, if you really want to learn, is to keep your eyes and ears open. That is how I found the formula for *pair ka dawa.*

Pair means "foot," and *dawa* is "medicine." But it is not a remedy for corns or bunions—oh, my no! It is water into which the big right toe of the husband has been dipped. And if his wife comes to be in great pain, a dose of *pair ka dawa* is guaranteed to bring relief.

Another remedy is "compounded" as follows: A white quarterplate is taken to some holy man or fakir, who writes something on it in ink—probably something from the Koran, as the patient I have in mind was a Mohammedan. This is then taken home, and all the writing is washed off with a little milk or water—one must be very careful not to spill a drop—and when all the letters have been washed off, the liquid is given to the patient.

There are many ceremonies that are gone through after the birth of a boy—a girl does not really count. In the Hindu or Sikh family, a silver chain is slipped over the child's head immediately after its birth, and there it remains—it cannot be removed even during bathing. In addition to this, a ring is put through one nostril.

In some families, the center is cut out of a big brass tray, leaving a brass-framed hole, like a window, through which the new-born child is passed. I remember that once it happened that the brass rim broke in two, leaving no ring through which to pass the child. What to do? Well, after having been thoroughly scolded for spoiling the brass plate, the *dhai* had to leave the room through an open window leading into a storeroom, the tiny babe without a stitch on it under her arm, and then re-enter the room through the door.

In most cases when an offering of rice is made, the baby must touch the offering, and sometimes is laid on top of it for a few seconds. These offerings are made to appease God and to implore his help.

During all these ceremonies, the mother does not get a bit of attention—and it is a blessing if she does not need any. If the child is a girl instead of a boy, there is not even the consolation of busyness and excitement around her. Generally she is met only with a great silence. Someone might remark: "A girl again," or perhaps simply (ignoring the newcomer entirely): "Thank God you are well." But that is about all.

I am sure the Lord must take special care of these little Indian mothers. One finds the most terrible cases of anemia and albuminuria. The seriousness of the condition is explained, an effort is made to persuade the relatives to bring the patient to the hospital, one worries because no one seems to listen—and nothing happens! Besides this, there is an enormous amount of tuberculosis which seems only to increase as years go by. Perhaps worst of all, no one sticks to any one treatment. The people expect relief and cure over night, and when they do not get it, they wander from one doctor to another, and not seldom become the victims of "quacks."

NOTE FROM ENGLAND

(*Continued from page* 186)

clear" was given again at 3:30 a. m. I slept soundly from 10:30 to 6 a. m., awakening only once, and I think all the rest of the family fared almost as well. * * * The week-end has been bad. Half our street was wrecked by bombs. We lost some more windows and gained some more refugees—four ladies from the parish.

The little red light burning before the statue of the Sacred Heart in our refectory downstairs is our comfort—not forgetting the Blessed Sacrament just above.

Oil For The Wheels

Mission Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for December: For all the Works Which Help the Missions.

In December, Our Holy Father bids us raise our minds and hearts to God in supplication *for all the works which help the missions.* It is an intention near and dear to every missionary. In these times when the generosity of the faithful is strangled in many countries, and narrowed down to smaller and smaller geographical areas, there is only one hope, namely, that the works which help the missions become intensified where freedom is enjoyed.

Dear Reader, you and I belong to a religion whose Incarnate God left the command: "Go ye, teach ye all nations." The command was heard by the chosen twelve and carried out by them without count of cost. What Christ said to them was also said to their successors. We know from the mission history of the Apostles and of the early Church, how every fervent member endeavored to share the newly found riches of faith with the pagans. Noblemen and slaves, philosophers and soldiers, matrons and even children taught Christ by professing Him in word, deed and blood. These early Christians loved each other—they helped one another. They provided for the poor catechumens, the widows, the orphans, the sick, and they buried the dead, very much the same as the missionaries do today in new and young Christian communities.

The Apostles could not take care of all the needs, nor can the missionaries of today. The Apostles taught what they had seen and heard from Our Lord and what He had commanded. The result was that the Christians wanted to fashion their lives after the Divine Model; they wanted to show their love for their Saviour by doing what would please Him. This took care of helping the Apostles and providing for needs as they arose. And so it has been through the centuries. To enumerate all the works which helped and help the missions is as impossible as counting the stars along the milky way.

Sad to say, in Europe, which has been the mainstay of the missions so far, these works, temporarily at least, have come to a standstill.

"He did not do for the angels what He has done for the children of men. His coming has not only healed our wounds, but also raised our souls to a higher life in Him. And as we kneel in the glow of our Father's House, partaking of the banquet of God, adoring the Sacred Mysteries of the Altar, we must not forget the starving, famished souls passing by in the darkness and cold without, the millions who still live as if He never came."—*Rev. John Heneghan, from "The Far East."*

Thousands of missionaries face the direst poverty, made more heartrending by the inability to keep up what was of so much promise. However, the Holy Father, as shown in his recent address to American Catholics, and those incorrigible optimists, the missionaries themselves, have a ray of hope. That ray emanates from the New World, mainly from the United States, with twenty-one million potential savers of the missions—twenty-one million Catholics, who, if they meant business, could do more for the missions than all Europe together before the great catastrophe.

To pray then that the works which help the missions become multiplied, vivified, intensified in our midst, is our serious task in December. The result will be in proportion to the sincerity and fervor of our prayers.

—Anna Dengel.

P. S. As the Mission Intention for this month is for works which help the missions, may we ask our Readers to include very specially our Auxiliaries of Washington and Philadelphia, the Lots for Little Thrift Shop in New York, the Medical Mission Board in New York, the Tabernacle Societies which have helped us so generously, the Mission Clubs and committees of such organizations as the Catholic Daughters of America, the Catholic Women's Union, and others. To one and all we assure a special share in our prayers this month, and particularly in the Midnight Mass, which is our annual Christmas gift to our benefactors and co-workers.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the Souls of:

Rev. Robert E. Kelly, Arctic, R. I.

Mother Marie Laporte, R.S.C.J., Overbrook, Pa.

Sister Benedicta, O.S.F., Milwaukee, Wis.

Sister M. Petronilla Stibolitzki, Baden, Pa.

Sarah F. Dietz, Washington, D. C.

John J. Griffin, Waterbury, Conn.

John F. Butler, Hartford, Conn.

W. B. Wiswell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

. . . a wee Advent Angel . . .

'Twas the month before Christmas—but, pshaw! That's been said,
So I think I'll just say it was Advent, instead.
I knew it was Advent, for whom did I see
Behind the big candle and peeking at me
But the wee Advent Angel that comes to each house
And sits in the corners, as still as a mouse,
To see if The Family's behaving quite well,
And whether it's good news or bad he must tell
To a certain small Babe when He comes Christmas Night,
And if they're not ready, or if it's all right.

I walked straight up to him, and "Angel," said I,
"I don't mean to poke and I don't mean to pry;
"I know that you're here 'cause there's work you must do—
"And couldn't you use an assistant or two?"
At this came a snort from a spot on the shelf,
And the voice—was it? Yes! It was Paddy himself!
"If his work's just like him—well, a shadow's all right,
But it doesn't amount to so much in the light!"
"Why, Paddy, I do believe you're jealous," says I,
And I turned to the Angel and winked on the sly.
The Angel winked back, and said, "Help if you wish."
So I waved at poor Pat, and was off with a swish.

And first I got Till—it's a great deal more fun
Doing "duties" with two than with just only one.
And Tilly was tic-kled and thrilled as could be—
So we set off to work: Family, Tilly and me!
We helped polish doorknobs and helped polish doors,
We scoured all the pans and we scrubbed up the floors,
We helped make the beds and we tidied the lawn,
We dusted up dust till the dust was all gone;
We washed and we scoured and we put dirt to rout,
Cleaned everything cleanable—*inside* and out!
We pretended each deed was a little soft bit
Of down for a Crib that was just made to fit
A certain small Child.

Well, the night came at last
And we wondered, now, would He come in? or go past?
And The Family all sat sort of silent and still,
While back in the shadows I waited with Till.
And then the door opened—an Angel voice said:
"Oh, won't you come in? There's a nice little bed
All prepared for your Child—there is room at *this* inn"—
There was Peace at our house—and the peace was *within.*

Like a soft little echo—a voice from the shelf,
A kind, gentle voice—it was Paddy Himself:
"The Spirit of Giving, the Shadow of Fun—
They're a great pair to help—*when there's work to be done!*"
Then Till squeezed my hand, and *we* looked at the shelf:
"But 'twould be incomplete—without *Paddy Himself!*"

In Our Library

THE TREMAYNES AND THE MASTERFUL MONK, *by Owen Francis Dudley. Longmans, Green and Co., New York.* 1940. 333 *pp.* $2.00.

This is the sixth volume in Father Dudley's series on "Problems of Human Happiness," and probably the most dynamic of them all. It deals with the life story of two brothers, Allen and Gordon Tremayne: Allen, gentle, kind, considerate; Gordon, cruel, thoroughly enjoying inflicting untold mental torture on those whose paths in life crossed his, seeking self in everything—a type that Father Dudley says "we are apt to place beyond redemption." However, the story of his redemption through the influence of the Masterful Monk, Father Anselm Thornton, makes fascinating reading.

Once the book is begun it is difficult to put it down without reading to the end, so intensely interesting are the characters as they appear upon the stage of life, and so powerfully does Father Dudley draw the pictures of their souls' struggles.

The Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk will prove a very welcome Christmas gift to anyone who enjoys good reading.

LIVINGSTONE THE LIBERATOR, *by James I. Macnair. William Collins Sons and Co., New York.* 1940. 382 *pp., ill.* $0.75.

This well written life of David Livingstone, the British missionary-explorer, is published to commemorate the centenary of his departure from London for Africa. While doing medical missionary work as a member of the London Missionary Society, Dr. Livingstone, in company with other British explorers, made many important discoveries concerning the interior of the Dark Continent.

It was in 1840 that Dr. Livingstone was sent to Africa as a medical missionary, and while he continued to carry on this work to some extent during the forty years he spent in Africa, his explorations soon came to usurp the first place. The African slave trade was assuming terrifying proportions and Dr. Livingstone fought ceaselessly against this inhuman traffic. To this day the Africans still remember him gratefully as one who labored to give them their rightful place in human society.

After thirty-four years of labor as a medical missionary, an explorer, and a consul of Great Britain, Livingstone died in a native village in Africa and his body was returned to London for burial in Westminster Abbey.

"The re-education of mankind must be, above all things, spiritual and religious. Hence it must proceed from Christ as from its indispensable foundation, must be actuated by justice and crowned by charity."—*Pope Pius XII.*

MOTHER ELIZABETH ANN SETON, *by Mary Coyle O'Neil. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.* 1940. 111 *pp., ill.* $1.50.

This latest book on Mother Seton, the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in the United States, is an adaptation of the two-volume life written in French by Mme. de Barberey. The author says in the *Preface* that her aim has been "to give American readers, in a severely plain framework, the portrait of an eminent American lady."

That she has succeeded admirably will be conceded by the readers of this interesting volume. It is the most readable life of Mother Seton that we know of. Devoid of all the sentimentality that permeates so many other books written of this heroic woman, it presents Mother Seton as the strong woman she must have been to have endured the trials and hardships that life offered her, and to have accomplished so tremendous a work for the honor and glory of God and the welfare of the Church in America.

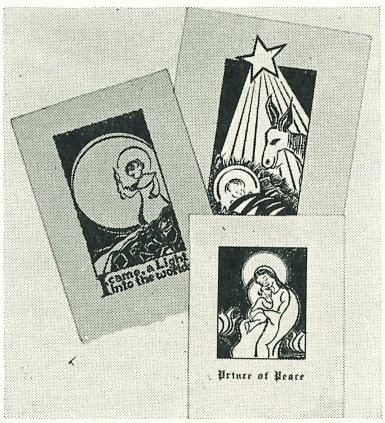
BLESSED ROSE PHILIPPINE DUCHESNE, *by L. Keppel. Longmans, Green and Co., New York.* 1940. 118 pp. $1.25.

This brief life of Mother Duchesne was written to commemorate her beatification on May 12, 1940. Born in Grenoble, France, of an aristocratic family, Mother Duchesne from her earliest years desired to consecrate her life to God in religion. At the age of seventeen, she entered the Visitation community, but when the Reign of Terror engulfed France in its iron grip, she was obliged to return to her father's house. When peace again came it was impossible to reorganize the Visitandines at Ste.-Marie-d'en-Haut, and so Philippine with a few companions carried on their works of charity, especially that of educating young girls, and called themselves the "Daughters of the Propagation of the Faith."

Father Varin had just established the Society of the Sacred Heart in Amiens and Mother Duchesne asked that her little group be allowed to join them. A few months later Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat was sent to Grenoble to be the first superior of this new foundation of the Society of the Sacred Heart.

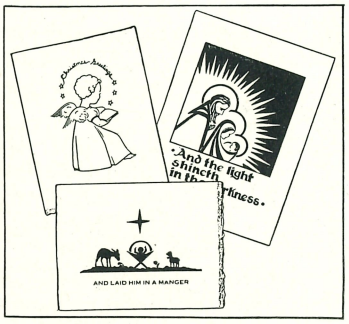
From then on Mother Duchesne had but one burning desire—to devote her life to the foreign missions. But as the years went by and she was entrusted with one responsibility after another, it seemed that this dream was never to be realized. In 1817, however, Bishop Dubourg of Louisiana appeared at the Motherhouse in Paris and asked for sisters for his mission diocese in the United States. And so it was that Mother Duchesne headed the Religious of the Sacred Heart who were sent to make the first foundation of the Society in this country. Something of the story of Mother Duchesne's sufferings and trials in Missouri and Louisiana, of her lone year spent working among the Indians in the far west, are told us by the author, a member of the English Province of the Society of the Sacred Heart, but especially does Mother Keppel show us the Saint in the making—the valiant woman who helped to plant the Faith in our own country and who, only last May, was declared Blessed by Our Holy Father.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER!



No. 1

No. 2



No. 3

No. 1 There are always a few Christmas cards to be sent at the last moment. Be ready for these "remembered forgottens"—by having a few "extras" on hand. We have packets of twelve assorted cards for $1.00.

No. 2 The plaque, "Cause of Our Joy," makes an ideal Christmas gift. It measures 9½ inches by 9½ inches, and has a delicate two-tone ivory finish. The plaque is reproduced from an original woodcarving by a Tyrolese artist, and represents the scene of the Nativity with charm and simplicity. Might we suggest this especially as a gift for a sister or priest. The cost is only $2.50. (Note: Due to an error in proof-reading, the price was announced last month as $2.00. This was a mistake, for which we apologize.)

No. 3 Our premium subscription offer, announced last month, is good until December 10. This means that, regardless of when your subscription is due, if you renew before December 10, you will receive one dozen Christmas cards absolutely free. The offer holds also for those who send in one new subscription, or for new subscribers. The rates are $1.00 for 1 year, $5.00 for 6 years. Take advantage of this NOW! Tomorrow it may slip your mind. Do it TODAY!

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY
Box 4405
Brookland, D. C.

Inclosed please find $..... for which:

( ) Send me .... plaque(s).

( ) Send me .... dozen assorted Christmas cards.

( ) Renew my subscription to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

( ) Send THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY to: .....

.....

My address is: .....

.....

CHRISTMAS IS THE TIME OF GIVING!

A gift may be a multitude of things: A toy, a trinket, a treasure. Or it may be just a simple, "Thank you."

"The spirit of prayer fosters the spirit of zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, and a desire to cooperate in the salvation of souls. Making sacrifices to assist the missionaries is, then, not a troublesome burden or an emotional satisfaction, but an act of service and love, rendered to God, which will some day bring an eternal reward."

Our LEAGUE OF GRATITUDE is made up of members who, in thanksgiving for the gift of Faith and in order to help the missions, do one of the following:

.....Offer (in the case of a priest) or have offered one Holy Mass for the intention of our Society and the members of the League of Gratitude.

.....Say a prayer daily for the intention of our Society.

.....Make an offering in money or goods, in gratitude to God, for the assistance of the work of our Society.

.....Subscribe to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Dear Doctor Dengel:

Your "League of Gratitude" appeals to me very much, indeed. I should like to become a member, and will fulfill the conditions for membership by_____

_____

Sincerely yours,

_____

_____

_____

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $.....for its general purposes."

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Inclosed please find { $1 for 1 year / $5 for 6 years } subscription to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

_____

_____

We should like to take advantage of this opportunity to pay off a small bit on our very big debt of gratitude by thanking with sincerity all our friends and benefactors. In a special way we should like to thank those, too, who, although, perhaps, simply "doing their job," have helped us in producing **THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY** during these last twelve months: **RANSDELL INC.**, the printers,; **D. C. ENGRAVING CO.**, where our cuts have been made; the **CAPITOL PRINTING INK CO.**, and the **R. P. ANDREWS PAPER CO.** These same companies have given both service and help to our **MEDICAL MISSION PRESS.** The courtesy and kindness of their representatives have helped immeasurably to make work pleasant and light.

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

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8400 PINE ROAD, FOX CHASE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS
WISH YOU
A GLAD NEW YEAR